VOL. NII.

WASHINGTON, D, C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1858.

NO. 622.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

want revenge, you shall have it."

" Revenge!' on you! my dearest? my ov heart? I don't. I want nothing but your affec tion, if you can only give me that. You are

following out my own wild will; and I want reenge, if you do not, on my mad pride and pason, which have made us both so wretched!' "Both! Were you so wretched, too? Oh,

"Was I not? Did you think me so heartless as well as senseless? Well you might, indeed! But to have to go away and leave you, in that wilderness—among strangers—perhaps to re-

Would you like to know what I did think with a sobbing langt has tearful, half mirthful of you?—that you were an incarnate blessing, but to me by Heaven in the time of my utmost to its father, and is to line him about its wanderings, that your infinite compassion could be interesting than it y seignoors initiations, to see you soon again, and make you mine if it was in the power of mortal man to do it; but in spite or an interesting than it y seignoors initiations, clothes, and suppers. Some people stared and answered at cross-proposes; and others assured with its own emptiness!"

What of that? I said it myself, What good does an intellect do you unless you know what to do with it? Wat comfort was Samson's to do with it?

andeed, I never knew how I loved you, an, till after that day when you stood bese so pale, and brave, and strong, show full of the tears which I was too proud to shed, me how much—how over-much—you loved that I feared that if I did write, they would my disgrace -the fool of tyrants!

"Herman, indeed, I can! You may well wonder at it. It needed very much to break

t become a Sister of Charity?"
"I was one already to all intents and purses. I had entered upon my noviciate, and
ken a private vow; and I was glad then that

ar it? How could you suppose that I could anything but the unst fish service of God and er for a moment forget you? How could man to make them no re so than myself; and I fearful a barrier between yourself and me?

suld you not have served God among your
ends and kindred in some happier way?"

I am afraid I had not cared so much as I

Surely, surely Mrs. Fonaldson must have been

WASHINGION, D. U.

[Converted standing to fame]

[Post the Nitional Fra. 

HERMAN:

ON UNG KNIGHTHOOD Co.

If the post of the Nitional Fra. 

Herman and Condance, mean time, saw the continues of the post of the continues of the post of the transcribed of the post of the

any next, or at least any that I found any comfort in contemplating. Oh, Herman, it is a dreary thing to stand, a girl of twenty, on the dreary thing to stand, a girl of twenty, on the Bxcuse me," cried he, playfully. "The Excuse me," cried he, playfully. "The thook her whole frame, she allowed him to raise her and lead her to a sofa. "But if I confess myself to any one, I am sure it is fit that I should do so to you, oh my patriot, my hero, my true-love! far truer to me than myself! whom I wronged, and agonized, and repaid with my childish seorn and anger for being only too lofty and heroic for a spoiled and senseless thing like me to understand! If you want revenue, wou shall have it."

dreary thing to stand, a girl of twenty, on the very done then to stand, a girl of twenty, on the very threshold of fe, a d see before you only death to look forwed to. Even what I had in possession I could sot klep. The young men were proud of waying and dancing with me, just as they were if driving a time horse, and discussed me, I so spected, much as if I had been one. She is a glerious creature! I was told, that they sai and wore; but I knew that in five years' tim, they would probably say it with less emphase, and in ten change it into She was a glorious creature, or forcet it also wors. The before were before you only death to look forwed to. Even what I had in possession I could sot klep. The young men were proud of waying and dancing with me, just as they were if driving a time horse, and discussed me, I so spected, much as if I had been one. She is a glerious creature! I was told, that they sai and wore; but I knew that in five years' tim, they would probably say it with less emphase, and in ten change it into She were a glorious creature, or force it also anything about your creations. The before were for the playfully. "The was information comes too late. She has me already beyond recall. In pity, don't make me disconting the probably say it therefore. The before were information comes too late. She has me already beyond recall. In pity, don't make me disconting the probably say it they were information comes too late. She has me already beyond recall. In pity, don't make me disconting the probably say it were in force in the probably say it there is understoon. The proba

and chatty, and sequest to be contented and satisfied; but it was wife, much the same things that the young maids were doing, and of those suffered, too?" things I was weary strendy, and expected to be still more so before ten jears more were gone. Then there were chert, old maids par excellence, whose chief frict in in life appeared to be, to be dowdy and useful in certain dry ways, and 'content with the'r sphere;' but their sphere, so far as I could see, was nothing but an exceedingly flat county of duties, that nobody else chose to do and Constance laughed with a subling land has tearful half mirthful. things I was weary stready, and expected to be

ery memory of your healing presence, when were gone, was as an amulet to preserve a devote myself to you! I kept myself up and sometimes wisted to talk of things more ell as I could with that, and with the hope, the interesting than my seighbors' firtations.

"Can I not? You shall hear. I loved you, Herman. I did not know it, but I did love you at the time—in Boston"—— "Why don't you write a book?" they said; but I never like to write often or long, and, by that time, through idleness and dissipation, I had lost the control of the own mind, if I had ever had any, and did not know how to set myshe broke forth again, "I liked you always, and clera, and Edward. I was always happier and then—I will humble myself to tell you this, and better with you, than with anybody else I seer saw; my mind and heart and whole soul ne with you, I could not tell why; arrogance-in my inaction and vacuity my in

> burst through my-pen, and trickle over all my pages, and every one would know the sorrownext, to make the time pass, and keep me from thinking; but it did not keep me from feeling. I often played seven or right hours a day, and left off only because my beavy tingers flagged on the keys; but then I often cried. Herman,

"My Constance! Do you mean to say that you can not only feel for me, but feel with me, now? My God, I thank thee!"
"Herman, indeed, I can! You may well and holy affections can fill. "At last, I believe that I must have become

down my ignorant and self-conceited arrogance; but the rufhan, who struck Sumner down bleeding on the Senate floor, struck with the same stroke the scales from eyes, as I believe he must have done from those of hundreds! Then I knew that the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by. I clid not care particularly the street, and speculating on the faces of the women passing by the street in the street done from those of hundreds! Then I knew my pet institution by its fruits. A system, which had for its arguments the blows often brare, and for its tongue a bludgeon, could be little akin to my cherished patriotism and liberty. Chivalry and the South, indeed! As I read the news on a stray scrap of newspaper in which a child had brought some flowers to one of the Sisters, I thought of you. 'So Herman was right!' I said. I blushed, and turned literally sick with shame, as if I had seen instead a published account of my treatment of you; so that the Sister Superior saw, took the scrap from me, looked it over, and asked me whether as—I am now. Perhass he is waiting for her the passionate contrition was to the wounds should they waste a noment of it, needlessly, apart? When one fo lowed with a contented, the cheerful, home-like look, I said, 'She has a cheery kindly home to go to, with plenty of the win one from her. He did not consider, that sociable brothers and sisters in it, if she has no if in, a calmer moment she had remembered when the cheery kindly home to go to, with plenty of the emotion into which he had surprised her.

sociable brothers and sisters in it, if she has no more.' When another came, with a somewhat pale and worn, but fiveet, calm, and earnest expression, 'She may lave had her trials; but, if so, she must have had somebody to support and strengthen her inder them—good old parents, very likely, who, having passed through the sorrows of life before her, know how to feel for her, soothe, encourage, and guide her, while she in return takes her rt, and keeps her spirits and that she may the litter cheer and charish am one the "ladies," who are at this very moment getting up subscriptions to buy new canes for that representative of the South to break onthe grandest heads of my country—Herman's own among them, perhaps. I am disgraced, 'I sail; 'and my South is disgraced; and the sooner I am out of this weary wicked world, the happier for me,' and I asked leave to go with Sister Mary, because we heard that the cholera was in Kansas, and I thought that I should like to die in the service of the sick Free-State people there. It seemed to be the only State people there. It seemed to be the only State people there. It seemed to be the only State people there. It seemed to be the only State people there. It seemed to be the only State people there. It seemed to be the only State people there. It seemed to be the only State people there. It seemed to be the only State people there. It seemed to be the only State people there. It seemed to be the only State people there is the sorrows of life before her, know how to feel t She hates life, and libbell, and all the world.

She is embittered, stared, cankered, as I am going to be—as I ab now. At length, one day, I saw two Sisters of Charity—one of them majestic, and, though old, still beautiful—both looking happy. That was a reproach to me, for I supposed that they had no domestic ties, nor anything but the unstable service of God and

ever consent for a year or a mouth to put arose, and left my wi dow."

arful a barrier between yourself and me?

"But, my own de rest, were you so utterly

about serving God," murmured Con-her pink checks blushing between her "Kind!' Indee she was!—much more ate fingers, like roses through icicles; than that! Incredit y kind it seemed to me, must not think me as good as you are, when I looked back after toil, hardship, and

hearted too! and I not bere to comfort you. If I could but have guessed! When one word would have brong t me in entaptured to your would have brong t me in entaptured to your will not commit one if you will not

with less emphase, and in ten change it into the was a glorio's creature, or forget it altogether. One a ways wants a prospect of something, some gain some growth, some permanence, at letter and I saw no prospect of any in that discrete, even if it had been worth having, which I doubted. In hopes of a hint I looked about me to see what other old maids were doing. Sort of them were dressy and chatty, and seemed to be contented and older. Herman — graver, stronger grander. older, Herman - graver, stronger, grander.

> His brows knit themselves slightly together at the memories raised by the question; but they relaxed, and he smiled—such a smile! with the very strong essence and elixir of mastered pain in it—as he said, "Too much to recall—enough to give zest to an hour like this."
>
> "What have you suffered, Herman?" Con-

> stance would have been more or less than woman, had she not felt that her confession emanded one in return. "Need I say? Unhappy love"—the tears

hindrances, in striving to save the liberties a regard things like those?" cried she. But that could have been only because you were lonely, because I forsook you! Herman, it is so thunder-cloud, but seemed most like the smoke glorious, so noble, to suffer in a great cause! from the stacks of a steamboat-rose and spread come; ' New novement wou, shall not be overof the church! The heart's blood of patriots is the shadow of a cloud flee up the novement of the church! the seed of the common weal! If the whole chased by the sunshine. The Captain seeme country, man by man, were to turn against you suddenly aware of his danger. With trump now for a time, you would no more heed it now. the now meant, 'with me by your side,' | except for the country's sake!" It was a true girl's speech, more enthusiastic than logical; but, as it rippled through her beautiful lips, she looked at him, as a queen might upon her champion; kindling tenderness, beamed inspiration on him through their modest lashes. He cast down his

ender and regal beauty, and answered, with carcely waited to superintend the first stage of untimely intrusion, was now forced to tap at the door. Her husband wanted to see Constance, and wanted his tea. She found her stance, and wanted his tea. She found her niece smiling, composed, and radiant with gen-tle happiness. All was plainly as it should be. Herman seized her hand with a grasp, which said, in a "natural language," understood all the world over, Congratulate me. Constance slipped her arm within hers, and whispered, as they crossed the hall together, "Dear, dear, sly Aunt Cora. You thought it would refresh me

own, abashed in his turn before that blaze o

a match-maker, after all."

Herman spent half the following night in writing to Clara; Constance, in reviewing the events of the day. Herman had done wisely in checking the first out-pourings of her longif in a calmer moment she had remembered that he had drawn her on to say too much, her

enthusiasm might have reacted, and become aversion. This was true, notwithstanding. He wigils it came up in review.

"What could be have thought of me?"
thought she. Kneeling, and sobbing, and almost throwing myself at his feet, as it were, to take a cast-off at his pleasure! What a tragedy-queen I behaved like! Clara never does so.
When can I learn to be calm and rational, and "But the ship could mot, as Brawny Back"

"She won't bear it, Cap'n.

"She won't bear it, Cap'n.

"We're bound there anyhow, Cap'n, and I'd like to go on with a clear conscience, knowing as how I'd steered her all right, you know."

"Try her half a point, anyhow."

"But the ship could not, as Brawny Back like other people? I hope he will recollect how completely I was taken off my guard. But he does; he did at the time. He said, in you by surprise! you are tired!' No, not so! I cannot say it as he did; nobody else could. And he tried to stop me again and again, as

tones of his voice seemed to be always hover-ing around mine, and mine were so hollow and meagre without his; nor read, for wondering what he would say of each new book. At least,

news to come.'

"Horrid, horrid days! horrid dream! It is over now; so much I have to be glad of, and must be; and now, if he is ill, no one can take me away from him. I shall at least be in the

"We're going right now, are we not?" asked he of Brawny Back, who with Jasper was again at the wheel, though out of his watch. He had asked leave to steer, and i was readily granted him, since he knew mor of those waters than any one else aboard.

"Yes, sir: we'll come out right, if this breez olds a couple of hours, but it haint a going t do it, Cap'n, and you'd better not have or more sail than you can bring down with a run, for the Sou'wester comes up like a ghost up

"All right, B. B.; we'll bring her through, think, if you'll keep at the wheel, you and Jas

"We're ready for a long spell, sir, at sarvice, but yonder comes the Sou'wester, as I said. sir." And he pointed over the larboard bow at

plack spot, low down in the horizon. "Far enough off yet, B. B.; we'll keep on sail as long as we can, for every inch of offing is a

help to us now." Brawny Back said nothing, only still pointe his finger at the black spot, then, glancing at Jasper, in a sad way, retook his hold upon the wheel. In a mimute, it seemed, a great change "And you allowed yourself for a moment to long swell. The black cloud—which had not

> suddenly aware of his danger. in hand, he sprang into the mizzen-rigging, shouting for all hands to take in sail.
>
> Amid the confusion of creaking blocks, the flapping of sails, the shouts and cries of the rushing seamen, the shrill tone of orders, and the general din of alarm, the storm burst upon them, like the blast of an explosion upon an unsuspecting traveller. As one would brush over and hold down the tall shoots of some tender plant, so did the ship, whirling half round, lay prostrate before the first fury of the tempost; and for a minute, what with the darkness, the mad howl of the wind, the roar of the exasperate waves, and the blinding spray and beating rain, Jasper knew not whether they were foundered or not. Then, as he and B. B. struggled with the rebellious wheel, he saw the brave mate, axe in hand, storm at the roots of the foremast, while another sailor chopped away at the rigging. The mast crashed, swept around with a rearing of its heel, and the ship groaningly righted herself, once more obeying the wheel, and tearing through the water up the gale, but going at the same time terribly to leeward. Every sail unfurled was rent into ribbons, the main topgallant-mast had gone with the wrecked foremast, all the bulwarks to windward were crushed in, and everything swept

> agony, desperately swam four of their messmates, swept overboard, and beyond chance of rescue. Even while Jasper turned to look at them, they were out of sight, and their fearful shricks were heard no longer. As Jasper turned away, with a sickening look upon his face, Brawny Back said to him, quietly—
> "It can't be helped. This is nothing, if we can save the rest of them, and the ship."

For two hours, the ship drove on in the wild grew lighter, though the wind, if anything,

"Where away?" shricked the Captain, while very sailor's face blanched at the

The Captain sprang into the rigging, keenly scrutinized, and then, as he came down and ordered a new mainsail bent on immediately, said to the steersman-

"You must keep her a point nearer, Brawny "She won't bear it, Cap'n."
"She must bear it, B. B., or

as how I'd steered her all right, you know."

"Try her half a point, anyhow."

"But the ship could not, as Brawny Back had said, be made to sail any closer to the wind than he and Jasper kept her; and every one saw that, what with the current, the storm, their crippled state, &c., their present leeway would

The Captain was in despair. The storm had come upon them so terribly sudden, and with such fearful violence, that it left them no chance cannot say it as he did; nobody.

And he tried to stop me again and again, as well as he could, without appearing to see that I was making a fool of myself. He could not enjoy his triumph, because it was my humiliation. How generous! how mortifying! Well, it was bad enough, to be sure; but it might it was bad enough, to be sure; but it might have been worse. I kept some things to my coally smoky vapor, had been rendered palpable and iridescent by the random, fitful flashes that intruded upon its blackness, that the thing became invested with supernatural terrors to the random when it split its fury when I looked back after toil, hardship, and the meas good as you are, Herman, or you will despise me for a cheat whole story, as you have a right to do, as fast as I can summon up resolution to confess how hopeless and dreary I was; for that is my only excuse. As for happiness, I might have done is my only excuse. As for happiness, I might have done is occrtainly, if I had been less spoiled, way
and over dagain. As it was, I was spoiled, way
I felt it as an outrage. I knew nothing of life.

When I looked back after toil, hardship, and the would say of each new book. At least, when I told him about my sitting at that window, when it is a morning came the dreaded Champion's mace—raising no when I told him about my sitting at that window, when I told him about my sitting at that window, and the dreaded Champion's mace—raising no when I told him about my sitting at that window, and the dreaded Champion's mace—raising no when I told him about my sitting at that window, by when I told him about my sitting at that window, and the dreaded Champion's mace—raising no when I told him about my sitting at that window, and the dreaded Champion's mace—raising no when I told him about my sitting at that window, and the dreaded Champion's mace—raising no when I told him about my sitting at that window, and weep, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but shaving off their crests, as a mower waves, but

"The breakers! right ahead!"
"Down the helm!" "Too late, sir; she wont obey."

Save yourselves, I can do no more," said no desire to live. His own blind folly had brought his ship, his darling beautiful ship, into ber present strait, and her fate should be his. Like the dying standard-bearer, he had wrapped himself in the flag intrusted to him, and no one

should separate them.
"Jasper, when she strikes, she will go t pieces in five minutes. Jump clear of the reef, well out to leeward, and the surf will take you

ashore. Swim strong. Good bye."
"Farewell, old Brawny Back." He raised himself proudly, glanced around with a kindling eye, and waved his hand, as if, is life, at this moment of danger, at this minent crisis, he felt himself a man, really and truly a man. Ah, thought he, if I but live, and can feel thus always! And rightly, for doth not the Greek say, "Whoso can look on Death, will start at no shadows?"

der of the timbers that lifted them off their feet, a crash, a wild turmoil of boiling waters, dashed fragments, and roar of impeded surf, through all which, piercing the uproar like a knife, went the sharp, shrill one shrick and wail of the drowning. Then followed a dim sense of danger, somehow, somewhere; a gasping, clutching effort to swin; a murderous blow from some cruel thing; a dreamy vacancy floating up into go with the wave whither it listed, unresisting; a thought nevertheless struggling up amid all this coma a thought as broad as his past, as a lightning flash will reveal, through the pitchy midnight, whole countries to our staring eyes, weirdly illumined by its sudden ghastly splendor—a thought of so much done, and so little ime to undo—then a faint impression of being somehow, somowhere seized, plucked off bodily, while the soul floated adown vistas of randeur and beauty, peopled with lovely life, ashing with gold, and gem, and purple; a Cleopatra's barge upon the glorious river; and then he went out from himself, and his soul momently hurtled through gray space, sweeping onward with the pinions of a hooded Falcon, with the self-expansion of an escaped essence; only to be brought back obedient to some suminto life and operativeness the functions which had flattered themselves of eternal disuse, calling them back, with a jar and clash and torture of the frame beyond description:—thus Jasper went ashore through the waves, and waked to

ur chances are good yet."

The surviving remnant of passengers sandy beach upon which they stood, with the breakers forming an uninterrupted recf outside, his spear behind him. Jasper put his pistol to except at one point, where was a considerable inlet, sufficient, could they have steered into it, to have admitted the ship with ease. After to have admitted the ship with ease. After crouching there awhile, and giving way to their

as they rested from their sad office, and began to look in each others' faces. "The ship is broken up, we have no bont, and the ship is broken as they rested from their sad office, and began to look in each others' faces. "The ship is broken up, we have no bont, and the ship is broken up the ship is broken up, we have no boat, and this is Terra del Fue-

Brawny Back spoke up.

"Best get away from here as quick as possible. The natives will be down on us like vultures, as soon as they find there's been a wreck. "Pshaw! B. B., this land here is not inhabited. Why, a sea-gull wouldn't live hereabout if he could help it, much less a human being. We'd better build a raft or a boat out of the broken timbers-yonder lays poor Tom Bevel's live on salt horse, and there's plenty of unstove water puncheons. That's better than footing it or ow for dear life.

over these stony ridges in search of settlements, "Hum! didn't he do his best to kill you?" aint it, men?

"Ay, sy, sir."

But B. B. spoke again. "Will you let me and Jasper leave you, then? The crew's broken up, and the straits are not far off, and we may most some vessel there that sill. neet some vessel there that will send you relie or may find a sealing party to the north'ard. There used to be a good many of 'em further

up on the coast."
"As you please, B. B., you are your own men now; but you'd better stay by us, Jasper, and you too, old man."
"Will you give us a cutlass apiece, and a few biscuit, and a pistol to Jasper? I see the

for yourselves."
"Help yourself, B. B., and here's a little

pocket compass I can spare you. There, now. What, off a-ready? Well, good bye." "Good bye, sir."

And so, having provisioned and armed themselves, they shook hands with their comrades in distross with much warmth and cordiality, and, striking for the volcanic hills that rose back of the coast, soon lost sight of the wrecked ship's company.
"We will never see them any more, Jasper," said old Brawny Back, sadly; "they're a set of

de-nothings, and the mate is the biggest do-nothing of em all. But come, boy, we must get into the hills before the alarm spreads abroad, or these red-headed savages will be the straits there where we're going, and saw our whole crew speared by the blackamores; and they can handle spears beautiful—such harpooners they would make, to be sure, if we could only tame 'em a little—and once I was here with a boat's crew, seal-hunting, further to this coast before, Jasper-was once wreeked in seal all winter, on an island off from the coast, and the black Injuns came out to take us there. seal with. So come on, Jasper, and mayhap

ward, leaving the coast, and going through an ascending region, with high hills in the distance—a barren, rough country, strewn with roleanic scoriae, and showing few signs of life or vegetation. Towards morning, they had reached the summit of the ridge, and began to

shore, with oars of a rude make placed on a rock close by. From the appearance of the oars, and from some rude carving about the prow, they judged that it was a boat lost from some ship, and made a prize of by the natives.

"We must carry that off, Jasper." "Noiselessly they stole down to it in the gray dawn, quietly pushed it out over the rocky beach into the water, put in the oars, and were ready to embark.

"We have no water, Jasper."

"Yonder is a stream, and here a calabash, Brawny Back; I will go fill it, and the bladder we brought. We must make a little serve us."

The stream, a little torrent brawling down the off. Jasper ran to it, drank a long draught, filled his calabash and the bladder, and was rapidly returning to the boat with his precious burden, when a cry from Brawny Back, and a gesture, made him turn his head. In front of the hut, standing erect and motionless, was the tall form of a man, whose long hair rolled in thick locks upon his shoulders. To Jasper's excited imagination, this sudden-seen figure was a realization of all the stories he had ever heard of gigantic Patagonians, and the man seemed to belong to the race of Titans, or to be a Cyclops, just stepped up from his subterranean forge, to inhale a breath of fresh air. He stood there a moment, as if wondering, then sprang after Jasper, brandishing a short spear in his right hand. Jasper had both hands full, and this water was very, very precious. He ran on with what speed he could towards the boat, which B. B. was pushing out into the water, so as to be free for the start as soon as he arrived. He was near the boat when B. B. cried, "He is going to throw it!" springing towards the stern of the boat at the same time, with an oar in his hands. Jaspe-turned suddenly, right under the raised weap on, and, facing the savage, made gestures in dicating a desire to parley; and, as prelim nary to such purpose, of emptying his hands. His manner was so courteous, and so free from alarm and hurry, that the savage was confused. He hesitated, half dropped the point of his spear, and, even while he paused, Jasper had given bladder and calabash to Brawny Back,

and was advancing towards him with extended hand. The savage warned him back with a mons at once from without, and yet within itself, and in horrible anguish to reduce itself dishing his weapon. Neither had given utterinto its narrow flesh-limits again, making the blood abandon its quiescence, and calling back him that he had need of his boat, and offered him maney and a jack-knife in payment for it.
The Fuegan laughed disdainfully at the money,
but his eyes glittered as he saw the knife. He
approached, as if to look at it closer, then matching it suddenly, sprang back with another find Brawny Back chating his limbs, and him-self a wrecked mariner upon the bleak Fuegan coast. "Thank God, Ruth cannot guess it, his pistol, examined the priming, and then advanced upon the savage. The latter seemed to be acquainted with the power of the weapon, or he retreated rapidly, and, flinging his crew were gathered on the beach, sheltering these selves from the piercing blast beneath a alarming the village and summoning assist ance. Hurried by Brawny Back, Jasper sprang shrill treble note, evidently with the purpose of despairing. The mate was the only officer who had got ashore. It was a long flat stretch of ing the boat by the gunwale, strove to defeat

As he drew back, and raised his oar gloom, by a common impulse they set themselves to work, scooped out a shallow trench in the sand, and covered up out of sight the bodies that the waves had flung ashore. The sea had that the waves had hing asnore. The sea had his enerts at proposition—and grasped Jasper, reserved the unfortunate Captain for its own may, and returned not a token of him, except a handkerchief inscribed with his name, which the mate, with an honorable emotion, claimed for in the one who clutched him with the grip of a

filed teeth grated nearer and nearer to his face.
"Hold him at that!" Jasper heard B. B. say, just as he was beginning to close his eyes; and he saw the heavy cutlass, scabbard and all, sweep through the air with a whizz! heard the ingling crash against the savage's skull, felt he grasp relax at his throat, and rose, flinging the motionless body off of him, and standing over it, as it rolled into the water at the bottom of the boat, into which the dark drops of oozing

blood began now to trickle.
"You have killed him, B. B.," said Jasper, shaking himself, as he took his seat, and began

asked B. B., panting with exertion. "But he's only stunned. We'll chuck him overboard as soon only stunned. We'll chuck him overboard as soon as we get time, but we must pull like blazes now. Put your oar out a little further—there—now quick and steady—it's life or death now—don't you hear 'em—see there!"

Jasper looked, and saw that the whole village

was alarmed—men, women, and children, streaming out and shooting their arrows in the direction of the boat. The mouth of the cove was comparatively narrow, and Jasper noticed that most of the men made for that, evidently with the intention of intercepting them at this particular point.
"Pull away, Jasp., dear boy. We've got to

get through the surf somehow, and we're pretty bad off if the way through it runs on their side

the hornets' nests I used to stir up when I was a boy. Pull a couple of good strokes now, Jasp. Look out! there's a spear. I tell you what, my bare-legged friends, if you throw many of that sort, you're likely to sauff out your pretty Captain, that's making the voyage with us. Go forward there, Jasper—that's it—see that big rock, and that sunken one to the right? well fond off and keep her bow between them. well, fend off, and keep her bow between them two, while I skull, and we'll get through. Use fellow yonder is taking long aim at you with his spear. Don't look at him, you'll have to run the risk—ah—missed you, by heavens! There, push ; harder! harder! That's it. We'r in your left hand, Jasper; now out with your pistol—there's a tall chap got out on a rock to starboard there, and he's going to stick one on scertain, if you don't shoot him. Get ready done, only I'd a given it to him in the body in stead of the knee. Get to your oar again now, we're well enough outside. There, two or three more strokes. Hallo! ah! uh!"——and to his more strokes. Hallo! ah! uh!"——and to his intense astonishment, Brawny Back found himself splashing in the water astern of the boat. The savage had recovered consciousness, and with a dexterous twist, had thrown him over board. Jasper laid down his oar, rose to his feet, and advanced a step to meet the savage, who had rapidly turned towards him. For a

moment they eyed each other, as if to m their respective powers—the savage, fierce, wild, bloodshot eye glaring with rage, matted hair dripping with blood, filed teeth gnashing like a fretted tiger's, bent forward for the struggle, with every muscle on the strain-Jasper calm, pale, eye watching every motion of the other, feet firmly planted, shoulders set back, lips compressed, and fists clenched, no imperfectly comprehends, and he longs to take

from getting too near the shore, (from which streets, in the highways and hed, several men were already swimming out,) while runs till the day comes when the e watched the water combat with anxions eyes, eager, but unable to render Jasper any assistance. suddenly both dived together, in each other's them, as he comes all foul and smutty from the

nured, in a hoarse, hard, husky tone-"Let us away from here!" And, morning and evening, they rowed westward over the uncertain, treacherous waters of

## THE BIRD SONG. BY WILHELM CONSTANT.

Her bird in its enge same sone Of the summer time and love

Deep lay the snow on the frozen fields, Dark was the sky above.

Of the lady so fair and wan-"Oh, bird," she cried, "sing some other song-

My heart will break, if you sing to me

The following article, from the pen of Mrs. I. B. STOWE, appeared in the Independent. is well worth being repeated, and I beg you will give it a place, for the benefit of the many thousand Charleys, and their parents, and brothers and sisters, who are the readers of your popular and widely-circulated paper. P. s.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH OUR CHARLEY?

Yes, that is the question! The fact is, there coms to be no place in heaven above, or earth eneath, exactly safe and suitable, except the bed. While he is asleep, then our souls have the trouble that comes at last like a whirlwind god bless the little fellow, and send us all graces. ing, pounding, hammering, singing, meddling, and asking questions; in short, overturning teen hours out of every twenty-four.

Everybody wants to know what to do with nim-everybody is quite sure he can't stay the kitchen, where he infests the pantry, to get door to make paste for his kites, or melt lard umns:
upon his head. If no be sent up to sent up to the sent up roblem, till you find what a boundless field packages, boxes, bags, barrels, and cast-off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous contents, are all rummaged, and the very reign of Chaos and old Night is instibuild cities or lay railroad tracks, till every-

ters the premises with a new war-whoop, learned from Tom Evans. He feels large and valor-ous; he has learned that he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing immate over the duties of patriotism.

By regulating yourself according more than ever the conventionalities of parlor rules, you may become respected and great, and an ornament to your country, and a blessing to

devote themselves exclusively to him, reading and telling stories, he may be kept quiet; but then this is discouraging work, for he swallows a story as Rover does a piece of meat, and looks at you for another and another, without the slightest consideration, so that this resource is of short duration; and then the old question comes back, What is to be done with him? But, after all, Charley cannot be wholly shirked, for he is an institution—a solemn and awful fact; and on the answer to the question, ed, that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher not only What is to be done with him? depends a future.

Many a hard, morose, bitter man has come from a Charley turned off and neglected; many a parental heart-ache has come from a Charley who, however differing from himself upon questions of the place.

to Charley now, than a terrible one by and by.

There is something significant in the old Euglish phrase, with which our Scriptures render us some of you," said Mr. B., "to whom I have familiar, a man-child—a man-child. There you have the word that should make you think more timiliar, a man-child—a man-child. There you breached a long time without seeming to do have the word that should make you think more than twice before you answer the question, "What shall we do with Charley?"

"What shall we do with Charley?" What shall we do with Charley?"

For to-day, he is at your feet; to-day, you can make him laugh; you can make him ery; you can persuade, coax, and turn him to your pleasure; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble last, planted 584 rods of ground to Chinese deeds; in short, you can mould him, if you will sugar came. He began to cut it up October when that little voice shall ring in deep bass obtained 425 gallons of juice, which produced tones; when that small foot shall have a man's 911 gallons of molasses, which readily sells at weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little round chin, and all the willful strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds for the key to his lieart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will; but if you lose that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some culture has been carried on the past season to day, and never find it. Old housekeepers have a proverb, that one hour lost in the morning is never found all day. It has a significance in this case. One thing is to be noticed about facture on quite an extensive scale. His builda proverb, that one nour lost in the morning is never found all day. It has a significance in facture on quite an extensive a charley, that, rude and busy and noisy as he is, ing, several hundred feet in any to the appearance of a S Charley, that, rude and busy and noisy as he is, and irksome as carpet rules and parlor ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are.

A room ever so well adapted for play cannot that him at the hour when the family is in boiling pans that hold about 100 gallons of this play-room seems desolate. It may be warmed by a furnace, and lighted with gas, but it is to the best golden sirup, and sells readily at 75

on business of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to
G. BAILEY, Washington, D. C.

All communications to the Era, whether

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Ten cents a line for the first insertion, free

cents a line for each subsequent one. Ten words constitute a line. Payment in advance

Meney may be forwarded by mail at my risk. Notes on Eastern banks preferred. Large amounts may be remitted in drafts or certificates of deposit.

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will give the name of the post office changed from, as well as the post office they wish it creater sent to.

is invariably required.

ereafter sent to.

down to the water's edge. Carefully skirting this hill, our wayfarers went on until they came to a quiet cove that ran up almost to the nuts, its mouth covered by a bar, about which the surf broke pretty heavily. On the upper shore of this cove, apart from the village, stood a single hut, built larger and of better materials than were the others.

"See, Jasper, see!" cried Brawny Back, clapping his hands for very joy.

Jasper looked in the direction indicated, and saw a whale-boat of good size hauled up on shore, with oars of a rude make placed on a several men were already swimming out, while a made yell, made his charge. Jasper sparred for a moment, "put in " a couple of "left-handers" from the shoulder, that broke the charge, but did not repel it, and then they grappled. For a second they swayed to and fro, close-locked, and then the savage, stooping, exerted suddenly his giant strength, and, with a quick leap and another yell, sprang into the water, Jasper in his arms. Brawny Back had quickly got hold of the boas, climbed over the stern, and now kept her from getting too near the shore, (from which is the property of the little one is nature's warning plea—God's admonition. O, how many a mother who has neglected it because it was irk-some to have the child about, has longed at the twenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he wenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he wenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he wenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he wenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he wenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he wenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he wenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he wenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he wenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he wenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he wenty-five to keep her son by her side of the strength, and now kept her from the village. their son, and the sisters their brother, and the Suddenly both dived together, in each other's arms, in fact, and B. B. saw nothing of them for half a minute, when the body of the savage shot up half-length above the surface, his eyes rolled up, and showing only their engorged whites, his fingers clutched, while from a deep wound in the left breast poured his red life-blood. With one gasp—one wild, convulsive motion—the body fell back, and floated away, passively; while, as Brawny Back still gas at, he left a weight at the bow of the bant, and Jasper, his face white as a ghost's, his lip compressed yet tremulous, his brow darkly frowning, climbed over the gunwale, thrust his Bowie-kuife into the scabbard, resumed his oar, and, turning his face steadily seaward, murmuced, in a hoarse, hard, husky tone—

lowed to spoil the comfort of the whole circle. A pencil, a sheet of paper, and a few patterns, will sometimes keep him quiet by you for an hour while you are talking, or in a corner he may build a block-house, annoying nobody. If he does now and then disturb you, and it costs you more thought and care to regulate him there balance which is the greatest evil-to be dis turbed by him now, or when he is a man.

Of all you can give your Charley, if you ar a good man or woman, your presence is the best without you, any more than chickens were meant to grow without being brooded. Then let him have some place in your house where it sha be no sin to hammer and pound and make all the litter his heart desires, and his various schemes require. Even if you can ill afford the room, weigh well between that safe asylum and one which, if denied, he may make for himself in the street.

Of all the devices for Charley which we

have, a few shelves which he may dignify with the name of a cabinet is one of the best. picks up shells and pebbles and stones, all odds and ends, nothing comes amiss; and if you give him a pair of scissors and a little gum, there is no end of the labels he will paste on, and the hours he may innocently spend in sorting and arranging. A bottle of liquid gum is an inval he does nothing worse. A cheap paint box. and some enguivings to color, is another; and if you give him some real paint and putty, to paint and putty his boats and cars, he is a made

All these things make trouble-to they do-but Charley is to make trouble, that is the nature of the institution; you are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble, and

MR. CLAY TO THE BOYS .- The Western sakes, which has never before been published.

tuted. He sees endless capacities in all, and and you ought to strive not to disappoint them holis always hammering something or knock- They wish you to be good, respected, eminen ing something apart, or sawing and planing, You can realize their most sanguine hopes, or drawing boxes and barrels in all directions, you firmly resolve to do so, by judicious em ployment of your time and your faculties. Shu body's head aches quite down to the lower floor, and everybody declares that Charley must be kept out of the garret.

Then you send Charley to school, and hope you are fairly rid of him for a few hours at least. But he comes home noisier and more breezy than ever, having learned of some twenty than ever, having learned of some twenty to suit the surprised at the ease with which you will master branches of knowledge which, at first view, will frighten you. Make honor, probity, truth, and principle, your linearity for the surprised at the ease with which you will master branches of knowledge which, at first view, will frighten you. Make honor, probity, truth, and principle, your linearity for the garret. ty other Charleys every separate resource for fectionately respectful to your parents. Assis keeping up a commotion that the superabundant vitality of each can originate. He can dance like Jim Smith—he has learned to smack In your intercourse with your fellow beings be his lips like Joe Brown—and Will Briggs has tirm, but at the same time bland, courteou shewn him how to mew like a cat, and he can and obliging. Recognise at all times the part

By regulating yourself according to the your parents. That such may be your destiny,

BRECHER AND FURNESS .- Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, occupied the pulpit of the Second Unitarian Church (Rev. Mr. Longfellow's) in Brooklyn, on the last Sunday, preaching two discourses of a very impressive and edifying quality, in which the claims of those in bonds were not forgotten. It deserves to be mention a parental heart ache has come from a Charley who, however differing from himself upon questions of theology, had stood up boldly for might play on the piano and write letters in Righteousness and Freedom in a city where might play on the piano and write letters in peace. It is easy to get rid of him; there are fifty ways of doing that. He is a spirit that can be promptly hid, but, if not laid aright, will come back by and by, a strong man armed, when you cannot send him off at pleasure.

Mamma and sisters had better pay a little tax of whatever creed, who dared to stand, as only

> Solon, Cuyahoga county, on the 27th of May 25th, ground the cane at a mill in Bedford

and oved again. As it was, I was spoiled, way, vacting, and—yes, I will own it—it is the to you broken-hearted."

My own precious Constance! You broken
My own preci